

Daily Nevada State Journal.

PRICE OF DAILY JOURNAL,
15 CENTS PER WEEK.

BREVITIES.

Lovely moonlight nights.
Skates at Lange & Schmitt's.
Tule Frank is in from Winnemucca Valley.
Many a little heart was made glad last night.

Uncle Geo. Frazier is up from Wadsworth.
Look on the fourth page for Christmas reading.

Joseph Marzen of Lovelock was in town yesterday.
The weather is more suited to April than to Christmas.

No JOURNAL will be issued from this office to-morrow morning.

The delinquent tax sale notice of 1890 will be found elsewhere.

The World's Fair proclamation has been signed by the President.

Gen. Jno. F. Alexander came up from California yesterday morning.

Blessed are they who expect nothing for they shall not be disappointed.

Prof. Orvis Ring has gone to Lodi to spend the holidays with his sister.

Hon. G. C. Wallace came up from the Bay on yesterday morning's east-bound.

Webster Dorsey came in yesterday from Elko on yesterday afternoon's west-bound.

J. D. Torreyson, Attorney General-elect came over from Carson yesterday morning.

Mrs. Francis G. Newlands and children came up from San Francisco yesterday morning.

Rev. E. W. Van Deventer has returned from a tour through the eastern sections of the State.

Johnny Michael left for Canada and Chicago last night, but will return to Reno in the Spring.

The Examiner has started a fund to give the newsboys of San Francisco a Christmas dinner to-day.

Mrs. Sardis Summerfield, of Carson, is spending Christmas with her parents on the meadows.

Hon. Geo. W. Cassidy came in yesterday afternoon on the west-bound train and remained over.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lewis were passengers for California on yesterday afternoon's overland.

The JOURNAL would have enjoyed it had Congress given Reno a Christmas present of the Public Building Bill.

The people of Huffaker's and vicinity had a Christmas tree and entertainment at Brown's school house last night.

The streets presented a lively appearance yesterday, many people being in from the country to purchase Christmas presents.

Go to Lange & Schmitt for heating stoves, cook stoves, ranges and house furnishing goods. Largest variety and best values."

The JOURNAL gives you "A Straight Tip" for to-morrow night. Reno is in great luck to have such a troupe stop over.

Mr. Seymour Upson, Misses Gertie Hollingsworth and Nellie Madden will give a social dance at Armory Hall to-night. All are invited to attend.

Cranberries, turkey and plum-pudding to-day. May the sausages of a good appetite go with them. The JOURNAL wishes a Merry Christmas to everyone.

Mrs. J. E. Eckley came up from below yesterday morning and was met here by Mr. Eckley, the State Printer-elect. The two returned to Virginia City on the V. & T.

Yesterday in the District Court the entire day was spent in arguing a motion of non-suit made by the plaintiff's attorneys, Baker & Wiens, in the Spear vs. S. P. R. R. case.

Do not fail to see "A Straight Tip" at the Opera House Friday night. It is the brightest and wittiest drama on the American stage and supported by one of the best companies.

The "Straight Tip" company, which plays here Friday evening, make their only stopping place between San Francisco and Denver. They had one date open and gave it to Reno.

Elko Independent: Miss Stella May, Hugh left yesterday morning for Carson, having secured a position as teacher in the new Indian school. She took with her six Indian children who will enter the school as pupils.

While arranging the Christmas tree in the Episcopal Church yesterday afternoon Mr. Nelson, the painter, fell from the top of a tall step-ladder to the floor, shaking himself up considerably and breaking the finger of Mr. F. C. Updike who was standing near.

Doc. H. H. Hogan has a new version of Romeo and Juliet in the Gazette of last evening. Even Shakespeare would fail to recognize the old play in the new dressing. The closing stanza is original:

"Still Juliet liv'd at the slough
I don't know where is Montague."

Sports Read This.

There will be a grand chicken and turkey shot at Huffaker's on Christmas. A prize will be given of a gobbler to any one getting the greatest number of birds in twenty shots at 300 yards with rest. Second best, a hen turkey; the same at 200 yards off-hand shooting. Everybody come. 21*

RENO PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Report for the Month of Dec., 1890,

by Orvis Ring, Principal.

	NAMES OF TEACHERS.	DEPARTMENTS.	REPORT OF THE RENO PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR THE MONTH OF DEC. 1890					
			No. of Boys	No. of Girls	Total No.	Average daily attend-	Per cent. tardy-	No. of days
Mrs. Mary A. Doten	Mr. George E. Arnold	High School	8	19	27	25	10	18
Miss Ora J. Angel	Miss I. C. Brodin	High School	21	41	62	20	10	20
Miss Flora Northrop	Miss Flora Northrop	First Grammar	25	16	41	30	3	30
Miss Flora Northrop	Miss Flora Northrop	Second Grammar	40	26	66	37	5	30
Miss Nellie M. Tolson	Miss Nellie M. Tolson	First Intermediate	18	34	52	34	8	30
Miss Grace E. Wason	Miss Grace E. Wason	Second Intermediate	26	16	42	35	8	30
Miss Lizzie Unruh	Miss Lizzie Unruh	Third Intermediate	23	16	39	23	8	30
Miss Mary Snow	Miss Mary Snow	First Primary	14	49	53	45	4	30
Totals.....	Second Primary	Second Primary	27	29	56	47	8	30
	South Side	South Side	20	37	57	34	8	30

—Johnny Blum, Allan Ede, Warner Graham, Rolly Ham, Davey Murphy, Walter Perry, Fred Nathan, Ernest Sedgwick, Arkie Ball, Grace Fogg, Gertie Gentry, Ruby Geiss, Irene Holland, Ida Marsh, Mary Massino, Edith Rittinger, May Wilson, Asenath Williams, Carrie Campbell.

Second Primary, Echo L. Loder, teacher

—Robert Buncel, Johnny Caparo, May Oburch, Pearl Dickey, Henry Downey, Clara Hammersmith, Rudolph Herz, Frank Luke, Lena Newmarker, Ruth Ogden, Ethel Roberts, Loyd Bennett, Josie Long, Lillie Black.

Second Primary, Lizzie Unruh, teacher

—Hazel Bacon, Edna Thyes, Ruby Ritterger, Grover Wheeler, Asa Dawson, Lottie Wiley, Jessie Marsh, Frank Hoy, Lilly Newmarker.

South Side School, Mary Snow teacher—Maguire Gibeau, Pearl Upson, Herbert Waits, Arthur Pritchett, Harry Palmer, Bessie Jose.

"A Straight Tip."

The Academy of Music never held a jollier audience than it did last night, says the Buffalo Express. Surely the old Buffalo playhouse never heard heartier or more continuous laughter than was accorded to "A Straight Tip"—the cleverest, wittiest skit that has appeared in Buffalo this season. John J. McNally fairly crammed this farce with chaff phrases and catchy jingles. He has constructed a farce that is American from beginning to end, and one that is bound to tickle an American audience.

It were invidious to speak of the make-up of a musical farce. A farce is not made up—it is thrown together. But it takes just as clever a mind to throw a farce together as to construct a legitimate comedy.

Enough for the play itself. All that has been said of it may be said with equal justice of the company. Of all dismal things a musical skit like the one last night is the most dismal when it is carried through by a poor company. James T. Powers and his company of comedians will never let "A Straight Tip" suffer with melancholy. Everything goes. Everything bubbles over with all the spontaneity of a newly-poured glass of champagne. The bright words of the play lose none of their pungency in the mouths of the actors. Nor is the singing inferior. Seldom is it that a troupe of "A Straight Tip" kind has so many good voices—voices that have some resonance and force. They are so often tiny and weak. The pretty songs scattered through the evening were well rendered and heartily applauded, therefore.

This company will appear at McKissick's Opera House Friday evening, Dec. 28th. Box sheet at Hodgkinson's.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all drug-gists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. feb. 21. swl'y

Weather Report for December 24, 1890. Ogden—Clear, calm; 32 degrees above zero.

Wells—Clear, calm; 23 degrees above zero.

Elko—Cloudy, northeast wind; 20 degrees above zero.

Battle Mountain—Clear, calm; 23 degrees above zero.

Winnemucca—Clear, west wind; 27 degrees above zero.

Reno—Clear, calm; 27 degrees above zero.

Summit—Cloudy, calm; 25 degrees above zero.

WHAT IS

SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors"; which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or afflictions, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can CURED It Be

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for thy disease. Some of these cases are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Hark! The merry Christmas bells,
Ringing, swinging to and fro;
Listen to the sound that tells
How the glad hours come and go,
Naught reeks we of care and sorrow,
Trouble we will never borrow,
Leave all such thoughts till the morrow.
Christmas comes but once a year.

Hark! The joyous Christmas bells,
Pealing on the wintry air;
Hear the note of love that wells
Through their chimes, pure and rare,
This the time of brightest pleasure,
Filled with joy our brimming measure,
Filled our hearts with thoughts to treasure,
Merry Christmas now is here.

Hark! The glad noise Christmas bells,
Sending echoes loud and clear,
Borne by breeze of night that swells
Onward, upward, far and near.
With the echoes ever blending
Hear the message He is sending
With a love that's never ending;
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

M. S. DOTEN.

Copyright, 1890.

"Hello! Hello! Hello!!!"

"Well, what is it?"

"It is your mother this morning."

"Very much better; she is almost rid of her night-sweats, cough and nervousness, and is growing quite cheerful. How grateful we all are to you for that bottle of medicine you sent me."

"I don't speak of gratitude. What does the doctor?"

"He says he never saw so wonderful a change in such a serious lung trouble. He still thinks we are giving him medicine. I don't like to tell him."

"That's right. He's an old friend, you know. I'm sure your mother will get well quickly. You won't forget the name of the medicine, will you?"

"Never!" Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are household words already, and it has come to stay. Do come and see what sunshine it has brought already."

"I will. Good bye."

"Golden Medical Discovery" has cured seventeen lung-coughs and arrested Consumption, or lung-scarcet, in thousands of cases after doctors have failed and other medicines have been tried and abandoned as useless. The "Discovery" is guaranteed to benefit or cure in every case, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money will be refunded.

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"Never!" Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are household words already, and it has come to



At Ten.

CHILDHOOD'S SLEEP HAS WRAPPED HER ROUND,
SHUT OUT EV'R SIGHT AND SOUND,
AND OF SANTA CLAUS SHE DREAMS—
BRIGHT AND CLEAR THE VISION SEEMS.

At Eighteen.

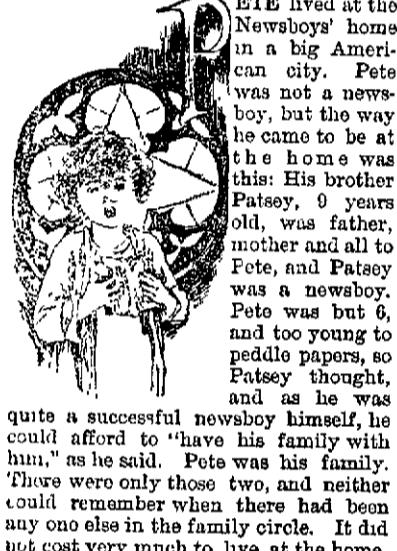
CHRISTMAS EVE THIS MAIDEN SEES,
WHILE SHE SLEUMBERS AT HER BASK,
LEAVES OF JOYOUS MISTLETOE,
DANCING, GASLIGHT, AND A BEAU.



PETER'S CHRISTMAS.

A HOLIDAY STORY OF LIFE AMONG THE BOOTBLACKS.

(Copyright by American Press Association.)



ured, and quite a favorite with a certain set of people who used to buy his papers pretty regularly, and he was not often left with any on his hands as late as 11. It was nearing Christmas time, and great were the calculations which Patsey was making about a "Christmuss treat fur little Pete." He talked it over with the matron one night, just after the announcement had been made that the banks in the big table would be opened on the 23d of December, instead of compelling the boys to wait until the first of the month, as was the rule.

"Ain't it jolly, Mrs. Brown?" said Patsey. "I believe there'll be a couple of dollars in my bank, and I'll spend every red cent of it fur Pete. It's kinder tough on a little chap like him not to have any folks when Christmuss comes as'll give 'im presents an' turkey an' all the things that everybody has then. But I'll make it up ter him as well as I kin, you bet. He's a goin' ter hang up his stockin', an' I'm a goin' ter take him out fur tiptop grub ter one of them eatin' houses—restaurants, as the swell folks calls 'em, an' we're a goin' ter have turkey an' mince pie, Mrs. Brown. What dy'e say to that?" And Patsey stopped from sheer want of breath.

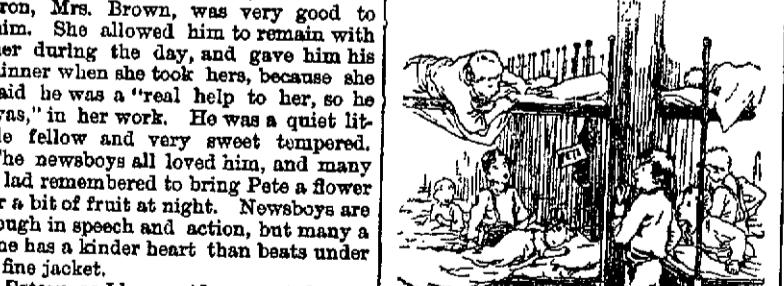
"I don't think Pete need mind wanting frinds," Patsey McCall. "Isn't it yourself that is a good enough friend to him ter make up for all the rest? What more does he want than what you have planned? Nothing but a tree, and maybe we can fix him up with one; who knows?"

"I could git a tree, but there'd be nothin' to put on it," said Patsey.

"Never mind, Patsey," replied Mrs. Brown mysteriously; "you find the tree, and I will see what we can find to put on it."

She was thinking of a pair of bright red mittens she was herself knitting for the express purpose of keeping Pete's hands warm when he went out. And visions of scalloped cakes she meant to have baked for the little chap and the bag of candy she had made up her mind to buy him passed before her, only now she seemed to see them on a tree instead of being laid under his pillow, as she had intended.

"Hooryay fur ye, Mrs. Brown," shouted Patsey. "Yer a brick, an' no mean rough one either, but a nice, smooth Filadelfy brick, what they uses to build fine houses with, that's what ye are! I'll find a tree; trust me for that." And the delighted boy went to his bed, drowsing.



PETER'S STOCKING.
rectly over the one occupied by Little Pete, to dream of all sorts of Christmas delights.

And Mrs. Brown good naturedly forgave Patsey's somewhat unconventional enthusiasm.

The treat for the newsboys this particular year was an entertainment given by some young people who were charitably inclined and who had nothing else to give. It was presented in a hall very near the home the night before Christmas, and all the boys having received free tickets were glad to go. Among other attractive numbers on the programme was one song, sung by a beautiful little girl with yellow hair, who was dressed all in white and seemed like an angel to the newsboys, who looked at her with awe. The boys could hear every word, for a child's utterance in singing is always very distinct, and the voice that sang to them was so soft and

musical that it seemed to float all around the room. This is what they heard:

Fear not for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

The song repeated itself as the music changed, and again the boys heard:

For unto you is born this day
In the city of David,
In the city of David,
A Saviour, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

There were other features—humorous, beautiful and bright, but none took such hold on little Pete as this. He dreamed of the golden harped singer that night, when other little ones were having "visions of sugar plums," and Santa Claus, and a big dinner. His stocking was hung close by the narrow bed, and after Pete had fallen asleep Patsey had filled it with peanuts and candy, and an orange or two.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The tree stood ready, and there was hardly a boy who had not contributed something to put on it. This was the matron's secret, for not even Patsey knew that she had told the newsboys about his plans for his brother's Christmas. One ragged chap gave a bright new five cent piece, which Mrs. Brown had some trouble in fastening on the tree. Another brought an Easter egg, which had long been one of his cherished possessions, and some put their money together to get Pete a knife. There was also a toy cap pistol left over from some one's last Fourth of July, a jumping jack, lots of apples and popcorn cakes, some candy, a penny picture book, and "other things too numerous to mention." The red mittens hung gayly from one branch and a squeaking bird from another. A brass watch and chain, bought on the street, swung from the tip end of a third branch, and altogether the small tree was a startling sight, or would be to some children used to the graceful, wax candle trimmed ones of grand parlors.

When the little fellow woke early Christmas morning he made a dive for the knobby stocking which hung by his bed. Then there was a cry of delight as he held it up in true orthodox fashion by the toe, and the peanuts tumbled out over the oranges and the candy over the peanuts.

"Ooh oh! Patsey, is they all fur me!" he called out. This waked some of the other boys, and they, with Patsey, rolled out of bed and began to dress, because papers must be sold Christmas morning as well as any other time.

"Course you is, Pete," answered Patsey. "Ain't that yer stockin', an' didn't ye hang it up to see what ud be in it in the mornin'? Go long wid ye now; I don't want none o' yer goodies," said Pete, holding out a handful.

Then the delighted little fellow began to offer the other boys some, and this so touched them that they vented their feelings by various characteristic remarks:

"Pitch inter 'em yerself, Pete."

"You're a goose to give away what was gave to you."

"I don't eat candy before breakfast, 'cause it don't agree with me constitoo-shun."

"You're a jolly chap, Pete, that's what you are."

"Three cheer fur Pete an' his stockin'," said some.

"They were given with a will, th—"

"It was a gainst the rules to make—"

"...the territory, but every

one overlooks such demonstrations at Christmas, and so did Mrs. Brown.

When all the boys had gone she took charge of Pete, but kept him out of her sitting room, much to his surprise, bidding him wait till Patsey should come home; so he played around contentedly for a while.

"Do you know where the City of David is?" he asked suddenly. "I heard about it las' night," he said. "I think it was a angel that sung it."

Mrs. Brown was busy just then, and she gave little heed to the child's prattle and he said no more, but in his mind was a vague idea that he should like to find the place because that beautiful little girl had sung about it, and so it must be very nice.

When Patsey came back he looked inquiringly at Mrs. Brown, and she said at once, "Come into my sitting room, boys. I have something to show you."

Patsey's astonishment was nearly as great as Pete's, for he thought the small tree would not have much on it. There it was, well filled, and as Mrs. Brown gave Pete the things she told who each donor was. Both boys were wild with delight, but as it was nearly noon when the tree was bare, they begged a place to put the treasures in, and started out, Pete with his red mittens on proud hands, to the "restruant."

"Patsey, do you know where the city of David is?" naked Pete, as they walked gayly along.

"Now, Pete, what makes yer talk so silly? No, I don't, an', what's more, I don't want ter," said Patsey decidedly. "This city suits me well enough."

"Dudn't ye hear: 'bout it las' night, Patsey, when the angel were singin'?"

"That were a girl, Pete; but she did look like a angel, sure 'nough. I don't remember the city of David, though."

Pete trudged on with a sigh. He was used to having his questions unanswered. After a good dinner the boys started back to the home, but as they neared the place a group of Patsey's chums came up and asked him to join them in some fun they had planned. The home was a block or so away, and Pete said he could go the rest of the way alone, so Patsey left him and went with the boys. The little fellow trotted on, looking so happy in spite of his worn clothes and cheap, clumsy shoes that many whom he met smiled at him.

A fragment of that beautiful song again sounded in his ears. The city of David! He would find it himself, Pete thought, and though it was but a step further to the home he turned and went up another street, resolved to ask a policeman. None appeared, and he walked on and on, thinking that perhaps the city he sought was next to his own city, and if he could only get outside of that great place he could find what he sought. More and more tired grew the little feet, and at last, frightened and chilled, he stumbled on a crossing, just as a dashing team driven by one of four young men in the carriage behind came around the corner. It struck the child and threw him to one side, the carriage never stopping.

There was a rush of bystanders for the little figure, and when picked up Pete was very limp and weak, but conscious, and he begged them to take him to the home. Of course this could not be done, and Pete was carried in an ambulance to the nearest hospital, after which word was sent to Mrs. Brown. It did not take her and Patsey long to find their way to the place where Pete lay, and she mourned over the sick child as if he were one of her own. Patsey's grief when he saw Pete lying in the hospital cot knew no bounds, and he remorsefully blamed himself for leaving his brother alone; but the boy tried to console him by saying: "I ain't hurt much, Patsey. Don't ye mind."

"What fur did ye go off, Pete?" asked Patsey.

"I wanted ter find the city as the little girl sung about," said Pete. "Nobody told me, so I thought maybe I'd find it myself."

When they left him he was bravely smiling, to try to make them think he didn't mind being left without them. They went to visit him as often as the rules allowed, and each time he said "Better" when asked how he felt. He complained of no pain, but simply wished to lie quiet. The newsboys sent all sorts of nice things to him, and these attentions were consoling to Patsey as well as to the sick boy.

For days he lay in bed, growing more and more feeble, but often talking to Patsey about how much he wished to find the city of his search.

"Good-by, Patsey, dear," he said one day, his arms around his brother's neck. "I'm a goin' ter sleep assoon as it's dark, so I kin get up early in the mornin' an' find the city. I'll ask every one I meet, an' sure some one I know."

The brothers kissed each other. Then Patsey went slowly away to sell his evening papers. At dusk little Pete fell tranquilly asleep. Some time in the night his search for all things earthly was ended, and when morning dawned there was only his body left, still and white, but with the old sweet smile on the face.

Not Up to the Standard.



Mr. Bingo—I want to give my wife a Christmas present of a pet dog.

Dealer (displaying handsome specimen)—What do you think of that fellow?

Mr. Bingo (promptly) — Not ugly enough.

WONDER WHAT I'M GOING TO GET!

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

WONDER what I'm going to get!
This is what begins to free
All the little girls and boys
When they think of Christmas toys.
Long before the day is near
We are always sure to hear
From each happy household pet—
"Wonder what I'm going to get!"

Hangs around the house all day;
Doesn't seem to want to play;
Writes, with dirty little paws,
Begging notes to Santa Claus;
Hangs his stockings on a chair
So's to find the biggest pair;
By this question always met—
"Wonder what I'm going to get!"

Christmas day is here at last—
All our troubles now are past;
Santa Claus came down last night,
Spreading round him fresh delight.
With a twinkle in his eye,
"There," said he, "sleep on, young fry,
No more, I thought best
As you're going to get."

Up the chimney quick he goes,
Softly rubs his ruddy nose;
Yet methinks I hear him sigh
As he nodes a last good-bye,
And methinks I hear him say
Ere he vanishes away,
Say with just the least regret—
"Wonder what I'm going to get!"

TONY MASSON.

A CHRISTMAS EVE IN IRELAND.

Christmas eve in the mountains of Ballycolman, in the County Cork, Ireland. A blazing turf fire on the hearthstone. In the chimney corner sat Daniel Donovan, 70 years old, who could talk nothing but Gaelic. He was twisting a little wooden wheel which connected by a passage under the hearthstone with the middle of the fire, which flickered and flared as the current of air swept through. Next to the old man sat Biddy, aged 20, with her hair brushed smoothly back from her forehead and tied in a Roman knot at the back of her head. Close to Biddy sat Mary, who had never seen a black man or a Chinaman.

Sandwiched between Mrs. Donovan and Mary sat the American visitor. The old woman was smoking and crooning, and a little grandchild with cheeks like ripe peaches stood with her golden head resting on her grandmother's knee. The firelight danced and gleamed over the little group as the December wind came down the wide mouthed chimney. The scene was so suggestive of peace and rest that for fifteen minutes no one spoke. Then Mrs. Donovan said:

"And mebbe the Yankee gentleman'll sing us a song?"

He would indeed have been an ungrateful fellow who should refuse such a request under circumstances at once so homely and so hospitable. And in that grateful atmosphere he felt some of the old time sweetness come into his voice as he sang of the harp that once the soul of music shed in Tara's halls, and told in song the story of how two eyes of Irish blue looked up at Pat Mallon. And as he sang a lock of rapt wonder and admiration came into the face of his homely listeners. He forgot that his audience was a few Irish peasants, and standing upright he clasped the back of his chair and poured out into the lowly thatched cottage that wonderful aria by Molique, "Pour Out Thy Heart Before the Lord." He had sung it before in a massive cathedral accompanied by a great organ, and had heard the tones of his voice go ringing down the echoing nave, but never had he felt the sweetness and beauty of it as on that Christmas eve in the lowly little cabin in the mountains. And when he had finished the aria and resumed his seat, Mrs. Donovan suggested:

"Mebbe the gentleman will sing us a song about home!"

Almost before he knew it the visitor had begun, "Do They Miss Me at Home?" He reached the third line, "To know at this moment some loved one were saying, 'I wish we were here,'" when he began to choke. The memory of his own home in far off America came to him. What was the baby doing? Did the children have the usual Christmas tree? Was everybody in good health?

Was any one wishing for the absent one? And before the lines were out of his mouth he went all to pieces like a ship on the rocks. He was a strong man who prided himself on his cynicism and materialism. He could not remember the time when his eyes had been wet before. But sitting there upon a chair with a seat made of straw rope, and surrounded by as simple and ingenuous people as the sun ever shone upon, he placed his hands over his face, and the tears ran through his fingers and fell upon the hearthstone. An awestruck silence fell upon the little group, broken by the moaning of the wind in the chimney, Mrs. Donovan, her face shining with sympathy, gently tapped the stranger on the shoulder and whispered in his ear:

"If ye were to take a cup o' the Congo tea ye'd feel better, sir!"

He took the "Congo" and felt better. Then he went outside, and looking up at the stars wondered why it was necessary for him to go 8,000 miles away from home in order to make a fool of himself.

EDWARD MARSTALL.

THE OTHER EXTREME.



"Dear me!" said Santa Claus as he came down the chimney flue. "I've heard of coals heaped on the head, but these are on my feet."

HER MERRY CHRISTMAS.

She wandered down Rivington street crying softly. She was hungry, and it seemed more pitiful for her to be hungry on Christmas eve than it was for the dozens of other children on Rivington street to be hungry. The year before she had not only not been hungry, but she had had a Christmas tree. The other children had always been more or less hungry and they had never had a Christmas tree.

She shuffled her partly bare feet along on the icy sidewalk. Snow had frozen on what was left of the upper of her shoes. Her feet were very cold but she did not mind the cold so much as she did the hunger, nor the hunger so much as the loneliness—the absence of the Christmas tree and the daddy and mom to jump her up and down and watch the sparkle in her eyes as she saw their poor little presents. They had not been a very interesting daddy and mom to other people—daddy had been a hod carrier and mom used to take in washing. But they had been all she had—everything! A comfortably dressed stout woman stopped her. The woman was probably a shopkeeper's wife, and had a heart more or less kind. She had intended to give the girl something to eat and perhaps some money; but she asked her if she was a good girl and gave her some advice first of all. This made the girl angry, and she answered her saucily. The comfortable woman turned away with a comfortable expression of horror on her face, and turned back into her comfortable doorway. The girl passed on, lonelier, hungrier, colder than before.

Midnight came. She had lost consciousness of details—her loneliness, her hunger, her shivering had ceased to impress her. She knew only that she was miserable. But still she walked.

At 9 o'clock on Christmas morning she had to stop walking, however. She was on a deserted East river dock, and she laid down where an eddy of wind had left a soft bed of snow—left it for her perhaps; and the wind gave its gift without giving any advice first.

Her eyes closed. Her shivers ceased. She lay very still. She was asleep. She did not move again until a red ray from the crisp winter sunrise touched her face.

Then she sat up and gazed solemnly at the sunrise for a moment. Slowly her expression became a happy one. She really looked almost like a pretty child. She raised her arms and held them out toward the glow. Her lips moved.

"Daddy! mam!" she said.

Then she dropped back into the bed given by the wind.

The girl had a merry Christmas after all.

The Next Thing in Order.